

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

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MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, MARCH 12, 1897.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

\$3,400.00 CASH AND GIVEN FREE PRIZES EACH MONTH

As follows:

- 4 First Prizes, each of \$100 Cash - \$400.00
- 20 Second " " " \$100.00 Prizes - 2,000.00
- 40 Third " " " \$25 Gold Watches - 1,000.00

Cash and Prizes given each month - \$3,400.00

Total given during 12 mos. 1897, \$40,800.00

Sunlight SOAP WRAPPERS

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.

Competitors are to have many SUNLIGHT SOAP Wrappers as they can collect. Out of the top portion of each box of Sunlight Soap, a wrapper containing the name of the district in which the soap is used, is to be secured. A list of the names of the districts is given below. The wrapper is to be secured by the competitor who secures the soap. The wrapper is to be secured by the competitor who secures the soap. The wrapper is to be secured by the competitor who secures the soap.

RULES.

1. Every month during 1897 in each of the 4 districts the wrapper is to be secured by the competitor who secures the soap.
2. The competitor who secures the wrapper is to be secured by the competitor who secures the soap.
3. The competitor who secures the wrapper is to be secured by the competitor who secures the soap.
4. The competitor who secures the wrapper is to be secured by the competitor who secures the soap.

NAME OF DISTRICT.

1. New York City, Brooklyn, Long Island and Staten Island, New Jersey.
2. New York State (outside of N. Y. City, Brooklyn, Long and Staten Islands).
3. Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and District of Columbia.
4. The New England States.

Prizes are the celebrated Pierce Special, 100 Paines, No. 10, No. 100, No. 1000, of Buffalo, Boston and New York, fitted with Hartford Time, First Class Nickel Lamp, Rev. Deane's Bell, Standard Cyclometer, and Hunt Loco Saddle.

LEVER BROS., Ltd., New York.

THE WEEKLY LETTER.

Leaving Washington from the Union Depot, where Garfield was shot, the place where he fell being marked by a gold star let into the floor, the tourist takes a cross-country railroad to Richmond by way of Fredericksburg. The train passes through a mile of water called the Potomac, and directly arrives in Alexandria, and runs through a dismal street. From what can be seen from the steam-car windows, Alexandria is a fallen, decayed town. It is said that portions of the city are very beautiful, but it is certain that there must be a great deal of misery in the midst.

The main point of interest on the route from Washington and Richmond is Fredericksburg where so much fighting was had; where the "Song of the Rappahannock" was sung by the minie-balls and shells. One line of that song was continually being repeated by the shells as they came buzzing over the river, saying, "Which-un, which-un, which-un—you!"

Let us draw a veil over the memory of the barren moorland and dank morass which lies between our two objective points and is called for politeness sake the country. A native assured me that crows did fly across it, often, but none were to be noticed the day I passed over. A blind man in the smoking-car seemed to enjoy himself, while the rest of the passengers only brightened up at the stations.

Richmond was reached at last. I say "at last," for no matter if a man is more used to driving about a mountainous country at the paltry rate of four or five miles an hour, a train seems often to fairly creep with him. This is hard to understand, but it is nevertheless true with almost everyone. Richmond, the fairest city in the two Virginias; around which so many memories cluster, the Capitol of the Confederacy, the centre of civilization, is truly an "historic spot," as the young man called the square of carpet upon which his fate stood when he was first introduced to her. It is a beautiful city with an immense business, and is one of the first tobacco markets in the world. About 100,000 people live at that postoffice, and they frequently have a wedding and a funeral on the same day.

The city is built on hills—that is a comfort. Hills out here are very much of a bore, but the eyes ache for something against which they may rest in East Virginia.

The noble James River flows at the foot of the streets. Richmond is at the head of navigation. The river is so still that the moon affects it and draws up its waters and forms the tide. The thriving city right opposite across the river is Manchester. The oldest portion of the city is what is called, at a safe distance, "Rockets," and to the faces of the inhabitants Fulton, and is situated on the banks of the river.

The capitol building in which so much has been done for the weal or woe of the Southern people, is certainly an insignificant-looking state building. Beside it is situated the city hall, erected at an expense of a million and a half dollars. The new library building is very beautiful, with a lot of pictures of the great men of Virginia.

Nobody is in the city long before he hears a lot of a man who is never tired of spending money on improvements, and who has done more for Richmond, in a material sense, than any man living there. Yet the middle-aged people of the town can remember when this millionaire sold tobacco and cigars from a little stand, and when he was worth very little in money. The man referred to is Major Ginter, of cigarette fame. For years the little saw-toothed children, puffing away at the vile cigarettes, have enriched Ginter, and Ginter has enriched the city by at least three notable improvements. His residence is a marvel of elegance and completeness; the Jefferson Hotel is one of the best hotels in the United States, and it is maintained in such style that

Richmond cannot afford to make it a paying concern, and the result is that it is the pride and ornament of the city, and not much more. Last, but not least, is Ginter's improved grounds outside the city, with its nine miles of the finest road in the country, and other things in proportion. The prettiest hedges and lawns border these roads, and a visit to Richmond is not complete without a drive over this wonderful estate.

The Soldiers' Home is of interest to Pocahontas people, as in that retreat Josephus F. Snyder, one of the most brilliant attorneys who have ever practiced at this bar, spent the last year of his life.

Major N. V. Randolph, President of the Board of Trustees, the man who has done most to bring this home into existence, and who works now as hard as ever to maintain it, was one of the famous eighteen men of Mosby's men who swore they would never surrender.

The object in view in establishing this retreat was, to save from the alms-houses and the disgrace of pauperism those Confederate veterans who had done good service for the cause. Over two hundred men are fed, lodged, and clothed each year. The camp is conducted in semi-military order. We are sorry to say that the battle-scarred veterans seem very ungrateful for the benefits bestowed upon them. To care for such a cantankerous set of old men makes the charity seem all the more beautiful.

A word concerning the street-cars may be in place. Richmond has electric cars from "way-back." There are yet a few mule-cars in the city, and we were glad to see that the stock looked sleek and fat. While in the city we had a practical illustration of the utility of the "cow-catcher" on the front of the "deadly trolley-car." Riding down Broad Street the car was brought to a sudden stop by striking a horse which was hitched to a cart. The horse was deposited, legs up, before the platform and no injury was done him, tho' the shafts of the cart were broken and the harness stripped off.

Unconsciously we have brought our tale to a sufficient length, and we will have to close this attempted sketch of the city of Richmond in its state of incompleteness.

TOM WATSON SINGS UP Bryan's "first battle" with the words "Fought, fought, and fizzled," and to the whole story.—The Inter-Ocean, Chicago.

The Jonah story is too good to be discredited. The Democratic Party has gotten rid of the biggest Jonah it has had since its foundation.—The Constitution, Atlanta.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church will provide the Bible upon which President McKinley will be sworn into office; but it pointed office a few months hence will need no Bible to swear on. The Age (Afro-American), New York.

There is a popular notion that money can save a man from the penalty of his crime. But there was a man hanged in Missouri the other day for murder and he was a millionaire. His money could not save him. All honor to Missouri.—The Republican Springfield.

HUMAN happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, virtue, nor knowledge, has any vigor or immortality except in the principles of the Christian faith and in the sanctions of the Christian religion.—Josiah Quincy

My Daily Life.

What is the meaning of my daily life. Its drudgery, its endless petty strife, Oh, deadly certainty of common things Oh, hours with heavy, lagging wings!

Do Thou, Oh Carpenter of Galilee, Teach me Thy secret; let me learn of Thee;

Send visions of those days when Thou didst share The lot of workingman, his trials bear.

Help me to feel that Thou dost work with me, In earthly tasks, in heavenly I with Thee;

And yet, dear Lord, with thee is always heaven— I see my common lot hath blessed heaven.—Interior.

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Fifty years ago one of the most active public men in lower Pocahontas was David Little Ruckman, Constable of the Levels District.

He was tall and wiry in person, quick and nervous in his movements, and usually rode in a rapid trot. He always meant business, and when he went to collect a debt the money or property had to be in evidence. Were an arrest to be made, he nearly always found the person that was wanted. His home was in the cove near Marvin to the right of the road passing to Mill Point, and is now occupied by Col. John W. Ruckman and son, Mathews. His ancestry is traceable, according to Colonel John W. Ruckman's recollection, to David Ruckman, an Englishman, who settled in New Jersey. His son, David, born in New Jersey, and married to a Miss Little, came to Bath County, and was one of the first settlers in the Back Valley of Back Creek, on a farm now in the possession of William P. Campbell.

David Ruckman, the settler, began in the unbroken forest and built up a home. He died there, and was buried near the public road on a beautiful knoll.

It was here that David L. Ruckman was born and reared. He had three brothers who lived to be grown. Samuel Ruckman, of Mill Gap, Highland County, whose son, Colonel David V. Ruckman is widely known in our county. John Ruckman went to Ohio. James Ruckman, another brother, settled in Illinois.

D. L. Ruckman also had these sisters: Fannie married John Gum. She was the mother of Mrs. Samuel Harper, on Knapp's creek, and Mrs. Martha Ginger, whose son, George W. Ginger, now resides in Huntersville. Mr. Ginger, her husband, was killed during the war. Mary Ann Ruckman went with her brother John to Ohio.

David L. Ruckman came to Pocahontas in 1832, and located at the place already pointed out. He married Priscilla Wade, daughter of Otho Wade, of now Highland. She was a very superior person in her day. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for the grip, we have yet to learn of a single case having resulted in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that this remedy is a certain preventive for that dread disease. It will effect a permanent cure in less time than any other treatment. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by all druggists.

MR. WARD L. SMITH, of Fredericktown, Mo., was troubled with chronic diarrhoea for over thirty years. He had become fully satisfied that it was only a question of a short time until he would have to give up. He had been treated by some of the best physicians of Europe and America but got no permanent relief. One day he picked up a paper and chanced to see an advertisement of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He got a bottle of it, the first dose he had him, and its continued use cured him. For sale by druggists.

Pearls of Thought.

To live always as in the presence of God is to have the highest blessing and the greatest power possible to the believer.

He who believes nothing achieves nothing.

He who serves willingly serves gratefully.

Nothing pays smaller dividends in spiritual results than making a specialty of discovering the shortcomings of others.

Experience alone is unconquerable conviction.

Social or public prayer is like dwelling in the outer court; secret prayer like entering the inner temple. None enters the inner temple who is not found in the outer court. Every want, every grief, every anxiety, every temptation, every friend, and every foe should be objects of prayer. But prayer for spiritual blessings for ourselves and others is the essence of prayer. And spiritual blessings consist chiefly in the gift of the Holy Ghost. Nothing is given us but by the Holy Spirit. He is the messenger. He takes of the things of Christ and gives them to us.—Mary Lyon.

GEOGRAPHIC.

"WILLIAM," said the teacher, "can you tell me anything about the shape of the earth?"

"Only what my father found out in the newspaper."

"What is that?"

"He says it's in a mighty bad shape at present.—The Star, Washington.

Willingness to Serve.

"A simple willingness to serve the Master." It was a petition in a good and wise man's prayer, which falling on the ear of the writer, has long dwelt in her memory.

In this busy, hurrying age when so many are working at fever-heat in the Church, as well as out of it, when our books and papers, the sermons we hear, even intercourse with friends, all seem to stimulate to yet greater activity, that prayer for simple willingness falls like a balm upon the overwrought. There are some of us—not a few—whose hands are not idle, but who chafe and fret against the bounds of our appointed place, and look longingly towards what we deem nobler, larger work. Do not the words "mission," "a higher sphere of activity," so much in everyone's mouth nowadays, too often steal between us and a simple willingness? We are too prone—

"The daily task forgetting," to look too eagerly beyond to some great work we should love to do for the Master, while we count as "common and unclean" what He himself has laid before our hands. We pant to serve Him amidst the throng. He calls us to the desert place.

"Do not pray for strength to bear the tortures of the Inquisition," said Spurgeon, "when what you need may be strength to darn the family hose."

We may fondly think, (and deceive ourselves), how grandly we might serve the Master in such and such a place. "If I were free from care," sighs one; "If I had only my health," moans another; "If the Lord would but lift this cross," wails a third. Yet how we forget that what we need for service, anywhere is simple willingness to "do the next thing," whatever or whenever it may be.

A simple willingness to serve the Lord Christ in the bypaths as well as upon the highway! How would the Church, aye the world, grow in grace if the servants of the Lord more frequently and sincerely lifted and practised this beautiful petition.

More careful not to serve Thee much, But to please Thee perfectly.

—Lucy Randolph Fleming, in The Central Presbyterian.

A Lesson for America.

The present condition of Spain, which unable to suppress the insurrection in Cuba in spite of the most heroic sacrifices, chiefly because the nation has reached the end of its material resources, should be an admonition to the United States in one important respect. Among the many causes that have operated to bring about the decline of Spain's power and wealth, one of the chief causes is the wanton destruction of forests.

Eusebio R. Claus, an accepted authority on the changes which are going on upon the earth's surface, shows that the Castiles, as well as nearly the whole of plateau region of Spain, once supported a dense population. On the Tagus and Guadiana were, not many generations ago, large towns which have shrunk into small villages. The Tagus was once navigable to Toledo, but is no longer; indeed, its bed is often bare, while its floods are terribly destructive.

Whole cities in Estremadura have disappeared, and their sites are covered with furze and broom, if not with drifting sand. A great part of New Castile is a desert, and vast tracts of shifting sand extend along the northern foot of the Sierra de Guadarrama.

"The decrease of population," says Reclus, "was unfortunately attended by a return toward barbarism. In the province of Salamanca, once famous for its industry and its culture, are now to be found the 'barbarous Bateacas,' who are charged with not being able to distinguish the seasons. Their women till the arid and rocky soil, which yields but a wretched harvest.

Decline is characteristic to the whole country except the province of Catalonia, whose people are of a different race. Catalonia practically supports the rest of Spain. Here the population increases, with industry and wealth, largely through the care of the earth and forests, which the Castilians have contemptuously neglected.

Spain, by allowing its soil to lapse into a desert, has wasted the resources which might to day, if they had been cherished, be supporting with success the great and final test which the nation is undergoing. The Hon. Elizar Wright did not speak without historical justification when he said "The nation which neglects its forests is surely destined to ruin." If the trees go, men must decay."—The Youth's Companion.

If the Greeks bearing gifts were to be feared, as the old adage said they were, what is to be said when they bear the latest improved repeating rifles.—The Chronicle.

No Use Talking ABOUT HARD TIMES.

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- Ladies' Cloaks and Capes, this year's styles, at correspondingly low prices as every thing else.

We especially invite those who have not dealt with us. Come one, come all! Our motto: Quick sales and short profits. Thanking you for past patronage we remain

Yours Truly,
SOL DAVIS, Proprietor.
Green Bank, W. Va. Jan 29

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